

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Decline," Etc.
Copyright, 1902, by FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS
All rights reserved
Copyright, 1903, by A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE

Cupid had stolen upon her in the night. He had fired an arrow and fled. She felt the delicious tingle of the wound in her heart, and wondered if it was love.

CHAPTER TEN.

Samuel Lemuel Rounds.

"The Roundses don't run much taw ancestry, I reckon; leastwise our end on 'em don't," Sam Rounds had explained to John Burt on one occasion. "Course I've got a lot of ancestors back somehow, but who'n thunder they are, blamed 'f I know!"

It is reasonably well established that a Rounds settled in Rehoboth fully one hundred years before Sam was born, but the latter's recollection did not extend back to his father—one Hiram Rounds. The annals of Hiram Rounds and his family can be epitomized in one word—work.

"Dad shoredly was er hard worker an' no mistake," explained Sam. "When that wa'n't no work tew dew on our farm, he'd hire out tew ther neighbors for fifty or seventy-five cents er day. And at night we'd all shave hoops after supper, working 'til nine an' sometimes ten o'clock. In the winter dad would haul logs tew Newport. He shoredly was the champion worker 'round Rehoboth. Lots er strong young fellers came up from Attleboro and tried to mow a swath with dad, but he bushed all on 'em."

"Killing himself to live," mused John Burt.

"Wall, I reckon he did—leastwise Doc Reynolds 'lowed so. Dad died when he was forty-eight. He teamed all night, three nights runnin', workin' out the poll-tax for the neighbors, an' he had er stroke. Doc warned him then tew let up er bit, but dad just somehow couldn't, and he pitched in ergain. He was shinglin' ther roof of ther barn, erbout eleven o'clock one night, an' I guess he had er other stroke. The doctor couldn't exactly

work a day. Her girlhood was spent in a factory and her honeymoon in a kitchen.

When Sam was able to build a house he declared that it should be his mother's home. He registered a vow that she should do no more work.

The good old lady was astonished and a bit dismayed when she examined the modest house Sam had erected. "This is a nice place," she said—pride of her son and hereditary caution struggling for mastery. "It must ha' cost a lot of money. I'm afraid you're reckless and extravagant, Samuel. Don't be extravagant, Samuel. It's a besetting sin."

"There ain't no commandment agin it; leastwise I never saw none in the Bible," said Sam, who was a perpetual mystery to his mother. "To my way of thinkin', extravagance is erbout the only thing worth livin' fer. I aims ter be the most extravagant chap ever turned out Rocky Woods."

The reproving look on his mother's face vanished when Sam threw his strong arms around her and kissed her with a resounding smack. They entered the house, and Sam escorted his mother to a cozy room and told her that it was her own. She looked at the tasteful furniture, the snowy linen, the bright rugs, and the pictures, and tears stood in her eyes.

"This is too good for me, Samuel," she said, holding his hands and looking fondly into his eyes. "But you must be hungry. I'll change my dress and get dinner. Where's the kitchen, Samuel?"

"Never mind erbout the kitchen," said Sam. "There ain't no kitchen fer you. Dinner's all ready, anyhow. Come on, Ma Rounds. I'll show you the cutest dinin'-room ye ever sot yer eyes on."

It was a pretty dining-room. A broad bay window, framed with morning glories, looked out on a well-kept lawn. The table was decorated with flowers, and the table linen was flaw-

dew. When she picks out a cheap thing, you multiply the price by four or five, an' when ye show her somethin' bang-up an' good enough for a princess, put the price way down. D'ye understand? An' when we gets through, give me the true bill and show her the other one, an' I'll make it all right for yer trouble. An' mind ye, I want the best in ther store for Mother Rounds."

The merchant smilingly agreed to this arrangement and entered heartily into the deception. Mrs. Rounds had never been in Boston until that day, although all her life had been spent within an hour's ride from the New England metropolis. Occasional visits to the dry-goods shops of Taunton formed epochs in her life, and she was dazed at the contemplation of the sight before her. The shelves, with their load of fabrics, seemed endless, and she crouched behind a marble column for fear of being in the way of the chattering, laughing throng of shoppers.

"I don't want much, Samuel," she whispered, as Mr. Farnsworth turned to take down a bolt of dress goods. "We must be economical, Samuel. Tell him to show us some gingham." "All right, Ma Rounds; watch me beat him down," returned Sam, nudging her gently with his elbow.

"Here is a stylish pattern, Mrs. Rounds," said Mr. Farnsworth, displaying a neat gingham, worth perhaps ten cents a yard.

"How much a yard?" asked Sam. Mr. Farnsworth gravely consulted the calligraphic price mark.

"The regular price is ninety-five cents a yard, but," lowering his voice and glancing about to make sure he was not overheard, "I will make it to you at eighty cents."

"Eighty cents a yard for gingham!" gasped Mrs. Rounds.

"It is imported goods, Mrs. Rounds," explained Mr. Farnsworth, critically stroking the print. "It wears like silk. We carry no domestic gingham. Here is one at eighty-five cents and this one is a dollar and ten a yard. That would make you a fine gown, Mrs. Rounds."

"Let's go somewhere else, Samuel," whispered his mother, positively frightened. "I can buy gingham in Taunton for eight cents a yard."

"Wait a bit," said Sam reassuringly. "What have ye got in silks, Mr. Farnsworth?"

"We have a fine line of silks," replied that gentleman, leading the way to another counter. "I should recommend a heavy black gros grain silk for Mrs. Rounds. We have them at all prices. Here is one at a dollar and a half a yard."

He displayed a silk worth at least three dollars a yard. The old lady looked fondly at the glossy fabric. The temptation was great, but she closed her lips firmly and put Satan behind her.

"Too much," said Sam decisively. "We're not rich ner proud, Mr. Farnsworth. Show us somethin' cheaper."

"Very well. Here is one at a dollar a yard, and here is one which is a bargain." He unrolled a superb, heavy bolt of silk, lustrous black and a delight to the eye. He examined the price mark critically. It told him that the wholesale cost was four dollars a yard and the upset retail figure four dollars and seventy-five cents. "I can let ye havy that at eighty cents a yard," he said after a mental calculation.

"Now, ye're gittin' down tew business," Sam declared tentatively. "That's tew much, but it's more like it. What do you think of the goods, Ma Rounds? You'd look like a four-year old in a gown made of that."

"It's very fine—too fine for me, I'm afraid," she was weakening. "And it's cheap, if it's real silk. Is it really and truly silk?" She looked timidly at Mr. Farnsworth, who assured her it was silk beyond a doubt.

(To be continued.)

TURNED THEM ALL DOWN.

Culprit Evidently Not Impressed by Appearance of Lawyers.

Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw told the following story when he was in New York the other day of the time he was practicing law in Iowa.

One of his townsmen was arraigned for a crime and had no counsel. The Judge explained to him that he was entitled to have counsel assigned to him. He pointed out several attorneys in the courtroom, naming them as he did so, and said:

"Here are Mr. So-and-So and So-and-So, and Mr. Smith is out in the corridor. You can choose any one you want and I will assign him to defend you."

The prisoner slowly looked the lawyers in the courtroom over, one after the other, and then replied:

"If it suits your honor just as well, I'd as soon have the one in the hall."

—New York Times.

Wanted Home Industry.

A wealthy Scotch ironmaster called on a country squire and was ushered into the library. He had never seen such a room before, and was much impressed with the handsome cases and the array of well-bound volumes that filled their shelves. The next time he went to Glasgow he made a point of calling at a well-known bookseller's, when the following conversation is reported to have taken place:

"I want you to get me a lebrary," "Very well, Mr. —; I'll be pleased to supply you with books. Can you give me any list of such books as you would like?" "Ye ken mair aboot books than I do, so you can choose them yourself." "Then you leave the selection entirely to me? Would you like them bound in Russia or Morocco?" "Russia or Morocco? Can ye no' get them bound in Glasco?"

HOW DEBTS MAY BE PAID.

Limits Set on Those Who Would Worry a Creditor.

Ordinarily when a debtor appears before a long-time creditor in Chicago there is no questioning of the United States coin in which the debt is to be paid, but the wide possibilities possessed by an arbitrary creditor in stipulating just what coins and in what amounts he will receive payment are enough almost to discourage borrowing.

You can't force a mean creditor to take more than 25 cents' worth of nickels or 25 cents' worth of copper cents. If you could get as much as \$5 worth of old silver three-cent pieces of another generation you could unload \$5 worth on him, just as he would have to take \$5 worth of silver five-cent pieces and \$5 worth of the obsolete 20-cent pieces which made so much trouble in the late '70's. But you can pay out \$10 in silver dimes and silver quarters and silver half dollars; the trade dollars—of which there are a few still coming into the treasury of the United States for redemption—are worth nothing, while the standard dollar is an unlimited legal tender, as is the old "dollar of our dads," the first of which was coined in 1794 and the last in 1873.

Coins that virtually have disappeared from circulation are gold \$3 and \$1 pieces, the trade dollar of silver, the nickel three-cent piece, the copper two-cent piece, the copper half cent, and silver three and five-cent pieces.—Chicago Tribune.

WAY OF RUSSIAN OFFICIALS.

Remarkably Proficient in the Science of "Grafting."

A story which illustrates the methods of Russian officials is told by a traveler recently returned from the Far East. In an important town in Siberia there is a solitary member of the Anglo-Saxon race who has established a successful business, despite the restrictions imposed upon him. Periodically, however, he is reminded that he is there only on sufferance by the receipt of a letter from the all powerful governor, which reads something like this: "Dear Sir: It is proposed to raise a monument to the beloved memory of the late emperor, and knowing how deeply interested you are in all that affects the people among whom you live, I have ventured to put down your name for a thousand rubles. Please remit the amount as early as possible." At one time the monument is to an emperor, another time to a national poet, or a historian or a general. Needless to say, the proposals never get beyond the committee stage—the governor constituting the committee. The demands are simply a polite form of blackmail, of which the merchant is well aware, but they must be met, otherwise he would not be allowed to remain in the place.—Leslie's Weekly.

How They Learn Spanish.

Tourists in Nagasaki, Japan, are often surprised to hear the sampanmen and the rickshaw men in the street shout Spanish words to white passers-by: as, "hey, amigo" (hey, friend), or "bombre," a common exclamation of attention, meaning "man." In the stores the salesmen also use similar terms, as "no sabe," meaning "don't know," etc.

The explanation is simple. The Japs themselves do not know that they are using Spanish words; they believe them English slang. They have learned them from American soldiers homeward bound from the Philippines. The Yankee boys, used to employing Spanish phrases in speaking to Filipinos, instinctively do the same with the Japs, forgetting that their language is different.

Fast Time Around the Horn.

I. W. Lyon of Englewood, N. J., writes of a voyage he made to San Francisco in 1851 on the famous clipper ship Flying Cloud. The ship was commanded by Captain J. Perkins Creesy of Marblehead, Mass., and the voyage was made in eighty-nine days and twenty-three hours. Afterward the same captain made the trip in eighty-nine days and thirteen hours, which time has never been beaten. Captain Creesy worked his crew for all they were worth. One squally day he set and took in studding sails fourteen times. They saw land but once on the first voyage and that was Cape Horn, which they passed at a distance of three miles.

Afghan Justice.

In a native irregular force raised by an Afghan chieftain, the following amusing incident took place, says the Regiment. A man was brought before the chief for stealing a shirt, and this is how the case proceeded:

Chief (to prisoner)—You are charged with stealing a shirt.

First Witness—Your honor, it was my shirt.

Second Witness—Your honor, I saw him steal the shirt.

Result—Prisoner ten days for stealing the shirt; first witness ten days for not looking after the shirt better, and second witness ten days for not minding his own business.

Florentina.

O surely, surely life is fair,
And surely, surely hearts are true;
Be witness, halm of April air,
And boundless depth of midnight blue.

The trouble of an hour ago,
That seemed to gather round our way,
Is vanished as the last-year snow
That hid the hills of Pesole.

And softly still the moonlight falls,
O love, and makes for thee and me
An Eden 'mid the bay-leaf walls,
The fragrant bowers of Boboli.

How gently o'er our spirits move
The golden hours we feared would die!
The very flame that threatened love,
Has lent us light to see him by.

—Brenet Myers.



Quiet Hour



Solomon's Song.

Love, I have wondered a weary way,
A weary way for thee,
The east is wan with the smile of the day—
Open thy door to me!

My hair is wet with the dew of the night
That falls from the cedar tree;
The shadows are dark, but the east is light—
Open thy door to me!

The stones of the road have bruised my feet—
The hours till morn are three—
Thou that hast spoken precious sweet!
Open thy door to me!

Stay not thy hand upon the lock,
Nor thy fingers on the key,
In the breeze before morn the treetops rock—
Open thy door to me!

My love is fairest, the only one,
The choice of her house is she—
The height of the heaven hath seen the sun—
Open thy door to me!

The holy kiss of my lips and thine
Shall the sun have grace to see?
The hours foregone of the night are nine—
Open thy door to me!

—H. C. Bunner.

The Lusts of Other Things.

Are men as bad as the theologian and the preacher make them out to be? Not in the uniform and technical way in which they are called bad, but by the side of the standards of the Gospel and by the measure of their own awakened conscience they are as bad, as far from good, as any preaching puts them. Everyday life is constantly choking out the spiritual nature.

What does it matter if a man's spiritual nature is being choked? He is honest, good to his family, a respectable citizen. He has other things in hand; what matter that he loses his religious life? Let his neighbors all imitate him. Let a generation grow up without any of the religion which he had in his youth. Let there be among men only material interests, without any spiritual ideals behind them. Weeds are ready to grow in every garden. A Godless, Christless, churchless world would be a world of beasts, though they were twentieth century beasts, educated, refined, ingenious. A material mastery, gained at the expense of spiritual earnestness, would turn its ingenuity to devising the quickest ending for life. The loss of spiritual equality from human life is the loss in the long run of humanity's one reason for being.

The lusts of other things put that spiritual quality most in peril. These "other things" that men desire, lust after, are not bad things. They are even necessary for the lower ranges of human life. They are allowed to become absorbing. They use up all the vitality of the man; he has nothing to spare for the higher. The peril to religion, the loss from church worship and church consecration are due not so much to hardness of heart, to vicious living, as to material preoccupation.

What, in the large, are these "other things" that choke out religion? There is, first, one's occupation, that which is one's business to do in the world. The seed of religion once sown and rooted, we go to our work, the school, the home, the store. To that a man owes his best. Yet all material work should be from a recognized spiritual background. Bread is earned, the house is ordered, the lesson is mastered not merely to satisfy the craving of appetite, to enjoy one's ease, to know one more language and die. An ideal vision lurks within all such material activity, even in the grossest nature, of service to the world, of bringing in the kingdom, of ripening on to the divine. All work, in the profession, the home, the study, gets at once inspiration and value from the spiritual purpose in the life of man. To choke the spiritual nature with material occupation is as the sin of the glutton who destroys the body with the body's own sustenance.

Companionships are a second lust of other things that choke religion. Companionship is as essential to a man as work. It may debase or it may ennoble him. We make it our first concern to secure for our children companions we can trust. We leave the spiritual light in our own matured lives to be dimmed in the attractive company of the careless, the cynical and the irreligious.

It is not the openly defiant transgressors of law that occasion questioning anxiety in the hearts of religious people to-day. It is rather those who, with good seed sown and taking a promising start, are falling to bear fruit because of the lusts of other things. If the well-born and privileged sons and daughters of the church are irreligious, where can we look for the church's support? Are we letting "other things" use up the spiritual capacity in our lives, and so mistaking for ourselves and our fellows the purpose and the beauty of living?—H. P. Nichols.

Concentrated Power.

Great forces can be confined in small places, and a great quality can be manifested in a trivial event. Of modern high explosives, a man can hold enough in his hand to demolish his house; and of Christian patience, a woman can have so much in her heart when dealing with an irritable child that, if the same spirit could be gotten into the councils of mighty nations, great wars would be prevented. The ancient writer Hilionius once said: "It is the nature of the Ro-

man power to be of iron, and though the fingers of it be diminished to the smallness of a needle, yet they are of iron still." In the same manner, if the ways of a life be of Christ, even though they go out into such petty things as the greetings of a morning, the conversations of a table, the games of a vacation day, yet will they be of Christ still. We need not wait for noteworthy events in order to be noble men. Job on a dunghill and Joshua at the head of a nation showed the same faith and force. "All that molds the great lies mirrored in the small." Covet not occasions; seek rather for character.

When God looks into the mirror of human lives, it is as when the sun looks into a dewdrop or an ocean; not the size of what He looks at, but the image of Himself is what He will see.

The Victory of Faith.

When we reach heaven we may discover that the richest and deepest and most profitable experiences we had in this world were those which were gained in the very roads from which we shrank back with dread. The bitter cups we tried to push away contained the medicines we most needed. The hardest lessons that we learned are those which teach us the most and best, fit us for service here and glory hereafter. It is the easiest thing in the world to obey God when he commands us to what we like and to trust Him when the path is all sunshine. The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark and through the dark. Let us be assured of this, that if the lesson and the rod are of His appointing and that His all wise love has engineered the deep tunnels of trial on the heavenward road He will never desert us during the discipline. The vital thing for us is not to deny and desert Him. —Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

The Mystery of Grace.

When a weary, selfish heart comes to the Savior the Savior meets his need by saying: "Take my yoke upon you." "But, Lord, he is tired and weary already; another yoke will crush him." No, no; he has just been carrying himself, and himself only, and that is the heaviest of all loads, heavier than any one man can bear. But strange it is that if he adds another burden, his own burden will become light. That is the mystery of grace, that the burdens of a selfish man are lightened by adding more. "Take my yoke upon you." And what yoke is that, Lord? "The yoke of other people's needs—the burdens of the blind and the deaf, and the lame and the leper—the burdens of other folk's sorrows; put them on to my shoulders—take my yoke upon thee—increase thy burden, and thy burden shall become light, and instead of weariness thou shalt find rest."—J. H. Jowett, M. A.

One Way to Praise God.

There is a praise of God that he longs to God alone. But since so many of our daily blessings come to us through others, there is a praise of God which best finds expression in grateful acknowledgment to those about us for their kindness. The loving care of the parents, the instruction of teachers, the sunshine of children's love, the goodness of friends, the faithful work of servants—how much our comfort and happiness depend on all these things! And when we praise God by appreciating men we have a deeper sense of God's care. Little expressions like "I thank you," "You are very kind," "You have done well," are even more helpful to those who speak them than to those who listen. One who constantly sees and acknowledges the goodness of men is prepared to see clearly the goodness of God.

Sun and Shadow.

It is the sun that makes the shadows possible, beloved; do not forget that! So shalt thou learn the first of all needed lessons for dark days! When it is midnight even, the sun has not gone out; the dark old earth has rolled its own bulk between its face and the sun; it is dark because it is in its own shadow. How often, O my soul, hast thou turned thy back upon God and mourned because thou wert in the darkness! Turn thee to the Light, my soul! Thy sun shall not go down, however dark the clouds above thee! Nay as the moon and earth light each other because they face a common sun, so shalt thou give God's reflected light to other souls in present need and thou thyself shalt see God's light in their faces when comes thy hour of darkness!—W. E. Barton, D. D.

Strength by Trial.

The purest lives I have known have not been those carefully screened from the world, but which, coming up in it, have kept themselves unspotted. The sweetest and truest have grown and ripened under conditions, you would say, most hostile, but which have been wrought into the means of a grandly elevated faith and life.—J. F. W. Ware.

Stones in God's House.

Let our Lord's sweet hand square us, and hammer us, and strike off the rough corners of pride, self-love and world-worship, and infidelity, that He may make us stones and pillars in His Father's house.—Samuel Rutherford.



SHE FELT THE DELICIOUS
TINGLE OF THE WOUND
IN HER HEART, AND
WONDERED IF IT
WAS LOVE.

tell whether he had er stroke, er whether he fell off an' broke his neck, er both—ehnow he was dead when they picked him up. I wasn't home at ther time—I was in Fall River workin' in the mills. When us young ones got tew be twelve years old most on us was packed off an' set tew work in ther cotton mills er in the match factories. Five of my sisters worked in ther cotton mills. Nowadays ther workin' men are talkin' erbout er ten-hour day, an' some on 'em is strikin' fer an' eight-hour day. My sisters an' thousands of other girls used tew work from six o'clock in ther mornin' till nine at night, an' they was mighty glad tew git ther chance. Where ar my sisters now? Two on 'em is dead, two married, an' one's in an asylum."

"You never told me how you made your start, Sam," John said, taking advantage of his friend's reminiscent mood.

"Reckon I never would got started if I had tew depend on wages," reflected Sam. "Worked in er shop in Providence fer three years an' saved up er hundred dollars. Then dad died an' left me part of ther old farm. I sold out fer six hundred. Went up ter Vermont and bought some hosses an' brought 'em back an' sold 'em. Then I kept on buyin' an' sellin' 'em. When I had enough money I bought that air strip of land I own now, and I've been there ever since. I've been down ter New York, lookin' it over, an' have erbout decided ter locate there. That's er great town, John, an' I knows more erbout hosses than mose on 'em down that-a-way. What dew ye think erbout it, John?"

Sam looked anxiously into the face of his friend.

"I should go," said John decisively. "There's a fortune waiting for you in New York, Sam. Go, by all means."

This settled it with Sam. A month after the Segregansetts sailed away with John Burt, a Providence steamer carried Sam Rounds and fifty carefully selected horses to New York. Since the death of his father Sam had provided for his mother, who lived with him in a well-built house on his Hingham stock farm.

Mrs. Rounds was a faded little woman who had reached her three-score of years. She looked frail, but was seemingly incapable of physical fatigue. She had reared a family of ten children, and for more than forty years had averaged sixteen hours of